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No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SCHOLÆ, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1893.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-eighth Volume with the number for October, 1892. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT. JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS. RICHARD C. W. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

COLLEGE INFLUENCE ON PUBLIC LIFE.

THE undergraduate is constantly meeting the statement that soon he will find out how small is his knowledge, and how little the great world depends upon colleges and scholars. And colleges do seem to fade away into the distance and appear very small as the student walks through the crowded business streets overflowing with activity of a giant city like New York, or as he visits Washington and observes the powerful influence of the National law makers, who come from all over the country and who represent such varied circumstances and conditions. These sentiments are so often uttered that, unless he is careful, the temptation to underestimate the advantages and responsibilities of a college course is sure to make serious inroads upon his undergraduate work. It is a very easy, plausible and popular belief that work begins after graduation. But the truth is college life has a very strong bearing on after life, and the bearing is none the less important because we do not happen to see it.

An examination of the Congressional directory shows that over a third of the members of the Congress of the

United States are graduates of colleges, while many more have attended colleges or were educated at collegiate institutes. Why is it that in proportion to the population college graduates have had such a tremendous influence in public affairs? We are hearing all the time how much education could do for a man, and the fair-minded student wonders what it is in that word that possesses such a mystic charm to the so-called "uneducated." It seems to be not so much the subject-matter learned at college that has afterwards been of practical help to most men, but it is the mental training gained at college that has enabled them better to meet the work of life. Now this, which is the most important acquisition from study, is not the peculiar product of one subject for one mind, but comes from the study of any subject, and makes the proper use of the first two years at Yale well nigh as valuable as that of the last two. The tremendous aid toward a good English style gained by a mastery of the Latin and Greek languages ought to add a zest to these studies during the first two years of the college course. The great writers of England never studied English but they became perfectly familiar with Latin and Greek grammar, and their English has never been surpassed. The greatest fault of college life is a lack of seriousness—a lack of appreciation of the advantages and responsibilities of the time here; and if a student disapproves of the subjects he is compelled to study the best thing he can do is to take them on faith for a while and to work.

Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, says it is the contact with men at college that has helped Yale men in public life. They represent more than any other college all sections of the country, and consequently there is a wider reach for entering public life than from a college which draws its students from one state only. What a man learns from contact with men is of course inestimable, and it is probably the chief difference between the advantages of a large and small college. John C. Calhoun ascribed his power in public speaking to the practice in debating at Yale. The importance of debat-

ing in his time was doubtless very great, and although it would be profitable if more interest were taken in the subject now, the paramount importance of debating in this country has passed away forever. Newspapers have long since taken the place of speech-making both in England and America. The old debating societies cannot be considered to have helped the Yale men, who are prominent in public life to-day, for forty years ago debating had fallen off to a great extent at Yale. The only interest then in Linonia or Brothers was the election of the first President and Secretary—the rest of the year the debaters addressed empty halls. Debating at college, however, ought to hold a prominent place in college affairs, for if it has declined in the legislatures, it is as essential as ever in the courts of justice.

Since speech-making has so largely made way for writing it would seem that literary work in college might become in the future a great help toward preparing for public life. Since the death of Blaine we have no statesman in this country, who, like Gladstone, has made a name for himself in letters apart from the affairs of the nation. It is a shame that with all our education and advancement in civilization our capitol can point to no one to-day like John Morley, Sir Wm. Harcourt, Trevelyan, Gladstone, who, while leading in the government of England, have become leaders in its literature. It is for such abilities that the college education does and must best prepare for public life.

College influence, and particularly that of Yale, in public life then seems to be derived from two principal sources—contact with men from all parts of the country, and a broad mental training. These advantages Yale possesses to-day more than ever before, and there is every reason to believe that in the future her graduates will even surpass the splendid work Yale men have done for the nation in the past. As other colleges increase the former reason will not apply so exclusively to Yale as heretofore; and Yale cannot always hold the predominating influence in public life, which compared with other

colleges, she has undoubtedly held in the past. But the influences which broaden the mind of the individual will develop more and more. After all, the principal purpose of a college course is preparation, and it is the duty of the student to grasp every opportunity within his reach to prepare for the many-sided life of the future.

Lemuel A. Welles.



A DREAM OF A LIFE.

I dreamt of a land in a lonely clime,
Where only pine trees dwell,
And naught save the whippoorwill's note is heard
Through glen and wooded fell.

I saw in that land a wanderer lone—
So worn and sad seemed he,
That the trees in murmuring whispers tried
To keep him company.

Here he had come from a far away home ;
For shining gold searched he.
And he sought it high, and he sought it low,
He sought untiringly.

I fancied I saw o'er his bended brow
A jeweled crown of gold.
But he knew it not and he saw it not,
Yet ne'er was such of old.

The primeval trees swayed their sturdy boughs,
And cried : " Lift up thy head."
" Take now thy crown," moaned the furious wind.
He heard not what they said.

The strange spell had passed ere I looked again,
The wondrous crown had gone.
The whippoorwill's cry is heard through the dale,
And still he searches on.

W. Wallace Chase.

PROVED BY EXPERIMENT.

THE train was rattling along in the July sunshine and the scent of the fields and meadows by the river blew pleasantly in at the open windows. Most of the passengers had assumed lounging attitudes and were gazing languidly at the scenery; some were asleep, among whom was a stout old gentleman who uttered at intervals a long-drawn and rather soothing snore. On the front platform of the rear car a mournful looking brakeman, whose experience enabled him to preserve equilibrium, was sitting on the wheel of his brake and whistling.

When young Schuyler boarded the train he had purchased several magazines and papers, for he had imagined that he should not care to do very much thinking and should prefer to have his mind diverted. But the papers lay untouched on the seat beside him, and the young man himself was looking listlessly out of the car window and apparently sharing in the general somnolent spirit of the car.

He had always been fond of traveling on this road, though to-day it seemed to him that there was very little pleasure and considerable melancholy in his feelings. He was a young man who was fond of old things, and he had once "worked up" the early history of the "river settlements," both of which facts contributed to his liking for the associations connected with these ancient river towns through which the road ran. They might irreverently be called one-horse towns in these times, but their very quaintness and sleepiness is attractive. Most of them have stopped growing long ago, many of them have shrunk. An air of antique respectability that implies some degree of former consequence and wealth seems to hang over them. In the old days some of these settlements had carried on quite a trade with the East Indian ports and one can occasionally see from the trains houses that were once the homes of wealthy merchants

and retired sea-captains, and that still retain in their festooned carvings and fanlights and brass knockers traces of their old-time importance.

Curious people board the trains at the different stations, particularly elderly women who are generally nervous about "the cars," and always wear wonderful bonnets and remarkably figured shawls, fastened at the throat with brooches containing a lock of the hair of some presumably departed friend or relation. Schuyler had often vaguely wondered where all these old ladies came from.

The employees of the railroad are on openly friendly terms with the traveler and take a personal interest in him. The conductors greet their friends by name and inquire after the various members of their families. In his frequent journeyings by this road Schuyler had formed many acquaintances among the train hands, and of these the man who interested him most was the brakeman who was whistling on the front platform. With him he had become quite intimate, and Jim had finally confided in Schuyler an affair of the heart in regard to which he had asked his "swell" friend's advice on several occasions.

But the chief reason that Schuyler had liked this journey lay in the fact that at the end of it was the home of the girl to whom he had been engaged to be married, and he was gradually becoming aware, as his journey lengthened, that the sorrow of his broken engagement had not touched him so keenly since the first days after it happened as to-day. He had often read of disappointment in love and had fancied that there might be a certain luxurious melancholy about such things not altogether disagreeable; but to-day, somehow, the romantic part of such an affair appeared to be a very small part indeed, and a very real bitterness and sadness filled his mind. He remembered how happy he had been coming down through these old river towns on Saturdays, his week's work in the dusty law office finished, thinking how pretty she would look standing on the flight of steps

before the front door of the old Rockington house where she was always waiting to welcome him. It was all wrong and a misunderstanding of some sort he was sure; but he was a very proud young man, and it was evident to him that he could do nothing after the manner in which she had dismissed him, which certainly left him no alternative.

But Schuyler was rather sensible as well as proud. He knew perfectly well that he should not die of a broken heart. He had even admitted to himself that his life was not entirely blasted, and he intended to use it to the best of his ability, though he was sure he could not make the very best use of it now. He might, perhaps, marry late in life some one who would be content with his regard and respect, but he would always be a man with a sorrow. He was quite young and he thought there was something rather fine about this.

The train drew up at a small station and among several faded and grey-haired women a good-looking girl boarded the car and took a seat near the forward door. A pretty girl was such an unusual sight in this district, where Schuyler had an indistinct idea that the whole female population must consist of elderly ladies, that the young man noticed her particularly. She seemed confused, he thought, and she certainly was blushing. As the train started Schuyler saw that the brakeman was no longer on the front platform, but in a few moments he felt a respectful touch on his shoulder and turning saw Jim standing beside him.

"How do, Mr. Schuyler?" he said, and sat down in the seat behind the other. They talked for a while, but Jim seemed nervous and absent-minded and Schuyler himself did not feel much like talking. To enliven the flagging conversation the young man thought he would mention a subject that is always interesting, and said suddenly, "Jim, how is that matter you were telling me about a while ago getting on—that girl, you know?"

Jim put out his grimy hand and fingered the catch on the car window, looking down at it. "It ain't gettin' on," he said seriously. "It's stopped. She threw me over."

Schuyler was a very fastidious young man, and rather flattered himself that he cared only for the best people, but at that moment he felt toward that brakeman in a way in which he had never felt toward any of the very best people he knew. He leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"Tell me all about it, Jim," he said, so kindly and gently that Jim's reserve was at once broken and he proceeded to tell the whole story. And when he had finished he said:

"Now what would you do if you was me, Mr. Schuyler?"

Schuyler straightened up and looked steadily out of the window for a moment. The story this man had been telling him was remarkably like his own. But the man was differently constituted from himself, and the girl must of course be a different sort of woman from the girl to whom he had been betrothed. He did not know exactly what to say, but he must say something and he began uncertainly:

"Well—er—Jim, if these things she has heard are really false, I think most people would say that there was no real cause why you and she should be uncomfortable about it. You haven't seen her since? Well look here, why don't you see her and make a perfectly clean breast of all this,—you can explain it you say?"

But Jim demurred. He had high notions of honor, curious in a brakeman, Schuyler thought. He did not see how he could go to her and "crawl around after the way she had treated him."

Schuyler began to get aroused and argumentative.

"But don't you see," he said earnestly, "you are the only one who can do this. She certainly can't come to you. Why she has probably been crying her eyes out for you all this time, and the sight of you might do everything—you would not have to explain much. It's worth trying, anyhow, Jim."

Schuyler stopped, rather surprised at what he was saying. Jim leaned forward and looked fixedly up the car. "See that girl up there?" he said, "That's her."

"What—it is?" exclaimed Schuyler excitedly. He was getting very much interested. "Now look here, my man," he went on, "everybody in this car is asleep or nearly so. What you want to do is to go and talk to that girl *now*. This is your chance and you will never get another half so good. I am going into the smoking-car for a while, and you come in there and tell me how things are. You have twenty minutes before the next station."

Schuyler took a seat on the shady side of the smoking-car and lit a cigar. Now that he began to think it over he was rather appalled when he realized how the advice he had been giving applied to his own case. Just then he happened to see, crowning a little hillock the train was passing, a house that he had come to know and look for as a sort of landmark; and, with one of those curious mental processes of association, he remembered that the last time he had seen that house he had been thinking of a remark she had once made to him. "A man," she had said, and he remembered how he had laughed teasingly at her sagacious air, "a man should always count on a woman's loving him a great deal more than he thinks she does." He had just been telling Jim that a girl might be crying her eyes out over him. He wondered if by any possibility another girl could be grieving at all over another man. But of course not—it was preposterous. His love story was not to be compared with a brakeman's. Circumstances altered cases. But in spite of himself that picture of her, waiting for him on that old-fashioned porch, kept coming to his mind. He thought wistfully of the summer evenings he had spent there, luxuriating in the cushions and rugs piled on the garden seats, and in the breaths of salt air that seemed so refreshing after the heat of the city, while she made tea for him and laughed and talked with him as he watched her.

"Not going to Rockington this time, Mr. Schuyler?" suggested the conductor, smiling affably as he punched Shuyler's ticket.

"Not to-day," replied the other, feeling himself flushing, though he was sure the conductor could not know

why he should be going or not going to Rockington. He said to himself that he could not stand coming down on this road any more. He would go out west and shoot buffaloes and Indians. Then he remembered that buffaloes were extinct and that genuine, blood-thirsty Indians were not easy to find or to shoot. But he could go out west, ride to round-ups, wear a revolver and a belt full of cartridges, and in those immense solitudes he might forget perhaps a little of his sorrow. Then he told himself, as if he had made a great discovery, that he was getting foolish and sentimental, and he became aware that he was waiting for the brakeman with a good deal of impatience and wondering what could keep him so long.

When Jim finally came hurriedly in, the happiness that shone in his face indicated only too plainly the outcome of his experiment. He beamed and smiled, and Schuyler succeeded in congratulating him heartily, though he was ashamed to find a bitterness in his own heart at seeing this other man's joy.

"You were right about it, sir," said Jim, smiling broadly, "She said she'd been lovin' me all the time." "We'll be at Telbrook in a minute," he continued. "She's going to get off there. Let me introduce you to her then. I want you to speak to her. She's—she's—well, you better see her yourself."

On the platform at Telbrook Junction Schuyler was presented to the young lady who was very much flattered at the fine bow and beautiful compliments of this well-dressed young man.

"I'd never have done it but for him," said Jim, and Schuyler thought the girl looked at him very gratefully.

As he watched these two lovers walk away down the platform he felt very curiously indeed. "She had been loving him all the time," he repeated under his breath. Suddenly he had an impulse.

The sleepy ticket-agent inside was surprised to see the face of a young man considerably excited appear at the window. But the young man said quite calmly:

"Ticket to Rockington, please."

Rockington is a sea-port town of old houses and old gardens. Schuyler paused before a familiar gateway with brick pillars half covered with ivy. On the curbstone of the side-walk a small boy was seated, making mud redoubts in the gutter. Schuyler put down his bag and considered, surveying the boy critically. He was too small a child to carry the bag to the hotel, or to the railway station—whichever would eventually be necessary.

"Here, my boy," he said finally, "you look reliable. Take this bag and if I don't come back in fifteen minutes bring it up to this house—understand?"

The boy grinned and nodded. Schuyler placed the bag on the walk beside the small creature, wondering under what circumstances he would see that boy and that bag again. Then he turned on his heel and walked slowly up the avenue.

At first the pines grew thickly beside the roadway and he walked some distance before he could see the house. When he finally reached a place where the branches were more open, he pushed some of them aside and looked through. He thought he knew the way very well, but he had come nearer to the house than he had imagined. There was the panelled front door with its large brass knocker, there was the portico with its fluted columns, and there in a great chair she was sitting. His heart gave a bound as he saw her. She was paler and thinner than usual, but this only seemed to him to enhance the refined, high-bred, perhaps rather fragile charm of her beauty. A book was open on her lap, but she was not reading. Her head was thrown back and her eyes looked as if they were fixed on some object far away.

A few moments later old Mrs. Van Buren, who had been unsuccessfully calling for her grand-daughter everywhere, leaned out of an open window and looked all about. As her eyes fell on the porch she started, took off her spectacles, rubbed them, and putting them on again gazed anxiously.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed softly, "If he hasn't come back again! I do hope it's all right."

She was a very lovely old lady and not inclined in the least to anything like eavesdropping, but she allowed herself the privilege of looking at the two figures on the porch for a moment, and as she did so the look in her eyes grew very gentle. She was thinking of the time more than half a century ago, when the man she had buried years since, had come back to her from far away countries and she had met him on that porch, And they said her grand-daughter looked so much like herself in those old days.

But her attention was suddenly arrested by a figure coming slowly up the roadway toward the house. It was a very small boy dragging a very large bag.

"Well, I declare!" said the old lady again, somewhat indignantly, "He must have been pretty certain about it to have ordered his bag sent here!"

Francis Parsons.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S POETRY.

"Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is as the worst,
Where there ain't no ten commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst
For the Temple bells are callin', and it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea."

THE climate of this world is bad, particularly that of India. Yet the life there has a peculiar charm for those who have seen service in it. Just as a guard in some quiet company post on the great plains longs sometimes for the hiss of shot, and the old hard marches and harder fighting; or the sailor, when the decks are hot and dry in the docks, is thinking of the storm that froze him hand and foot; so it is with Rudyard Kipling's poetry of the East. Through it all is a strange haunting homesickness for a hot sickly country with all its fever and its separations. But as the ten-year soldier frets and muses in the London fog: .

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."

It is this calling of the old fascinating Indian life, with its fierce suns and hot nights, its dusty marches and ambushes, its struggle for money, its hard climb to success, and broad easy road to the Devil, its light loves, and its sound friendships—all this that Mr. Kipling leaves ringing in our ears. His popularity was won by his vivid picture of this eastern society. He caught first the amusing side of the life. For men will laugh at a joke easily, and then feel what the jest is worth. It was not difficult to find a very humorous aspect of Indian life. British society, a northern growth, blossoming in a tropical atmosphere is anomalous. There must be something to raise a laugh in the way London conventions are adapted to a temperature of 100° in the shade. There is heat in everything; in all the life "that fizzes in the everlasting hills" of Simla. Flirtations seem to be madder, women more fascinating, bills more deceptive. There is a fine spirit of self-seeking not veiled too nicely

by conventional euphemisms. But Mr. Kipling's jest and laughter only half concealed his satire. The corrupt side lies close under the humorous in this eastern picture. His humor only pointed his satire on the ways of men and of the government. He speaks very plainly of the race of the man for the office, with the short cuts that are taken and the ditches that are waded through. Money and Position are the little gilt gods over the hearth stone, and what daily prayers are offered to them ! The ways of the Indian government are dark, shrouded in clouds of mystery and official secrecy. The central machine revolves, the dishonest are likely to get the prizes, and the honest go to the wall ; the native rulers keep on oppressing their flocks, and the natives work on apathetically and die if the crop fails,—and all to the glory of her majesty the Queen.

Here Mr. Kipling touches the hard side of the life. Englishmen in India are exiles. Youth was cheap and they sold it,—and for what ? The fever and the heat lie in wait for the foremost, and the Devil takes the hindmost. There is an uncertainty underlying the every day life ; men feel that they are living face to face with the Great Perhaps. The toast at the mess room table is "to the Dead already, and to the next man who dies." The spirit of recklessness is abroad, as when men bivouac the night before the battle.

The English soldier in India is Mr. Kipling's most immortal creation. He bids fair to last till the Indian government ceases to be corrupt, and the native and the foreigner love one another. Thomas Atkins is one of the healthiest of object lessons. He is trained in a rough apprenticeship. The code of morality he learns is hardly that of the established church. "Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." Life is particularly cheap ; and the ten commandments were not written in the Indian dialect. Liquor is twice as seductive and twice as deadly in that climate. And Heaven, perhaps, is to him not quite the orthodox abode where they sing Tate and Brady's hymns. India will

always remain the gigantic puzzle of the Foreign Office. But Tom Atkins, in his practical way, solves some of the problems, and, at least, tells the plain facts, having a habit of saying what he thinks which would cost a government official his position. With great insoluble social questions he has nothing to do; he will shoot unruly natives with utmost composure, or fall in his tracks like a true soldier of the Queen.

All this may not seem a very exalted theme for poetry. Yet what truer poetical gift is there than to see the dignity of humanity in that which is called common. The grand and pathetic in the commonplace is a modern note, since William Shakespere died, and Mr. Kipling has set this chord ringing in our ears. The poor man struggling in no very squeamish way for office, the subaltern who works at an unhealthy post, the native beaten and starving, Tom Atkins who gets bad pay and worse rations,—there is a strength of human feeling in them all. The conditions of the life are of the hardest. It is right to speak sincerely of this, without concealing or glozing over. You will look in vain for lyrical sweetness or for beauty of verse in these poems. Sin and suffering are called by their plainest names. Men are dying and are going to the Devil, however prosperous the government may be. There is a heavy handicap in this race of life which each man has to run alone, and there are long odds against the best. "The best is as the worst," and men who are struggling and laboring together have a contagious, democratic respect for one another. Tom Atkins does honor to "Fuzzy Wuz," the big black native, who broke the British square in the Soudan; and there is honest praise in his words on the dead Indian water carrier:

"Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the living God that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

There is nothing better than this air of sincerity. What comes from the heart will reach the heart. Mr. Kipling speaks of what he has known. It is this that gives such tremendous life and swing to his ballads, though

they are by no means beautiful in themselves. His poems of the sea are a first rate example of this sincerity, we feel he is telling us of the love of his own soul for the ocean. The smell of the sea and the beat of the off-shore wind are in these poems. Witness the strength of these lines:

"Then home, get her home where the drunken rollers comb
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!"

If you think that the romance of the sea has vanished with the coming of the steamer and the ironclad, read the stirring ballads of the "Clampherdown," and the "Bolivar." Mr. Kipling deifies the virtue of courage. He has a ready appreciation for it in every form, be it the courage of the common sailor and soldier, or the no less admirable courage of hard-worked men and women in the trials and disappointments of life. His splendid feeling for the glory of hard work is a form of this admiration. What strong and suggestive lines are the last of "The Galley Slave":

"But to-day I leave the Galley, shall I curse her service then?
God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men."

This is a feeling that is not often in the hearts of successful men. But it may be seen in some of the common workers in this world; as sometimes in the faces of brakemen gathered around a fire in the shops after a hard ride through a storm. It is an inspiration in the fiercest work, the hardest surroundings, the least success, to feel "we have worked and toiled with Men." Mr. Kipling has tried to show the manliness of the common men, sailors, soldiers, natives and workers, in India, and his poems make us feel that, at heart, these inhabitants of the East are very much like ourselves, only in a harder world—

"For there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth.
When two strong men stand face to face,
Tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

Winthrop E. Dwight.

"I AM CONTENT."

I.

Dearest, if this great world were ours,
With all its guilt, and gold, and flowers,
And splendid sweep of seas and lands—
Could we but quaff with mighty hands
From some immeasurable cup
'Stilled subtly in a titan-press
All rare delight and wretchedness ;
While mime and monarch rendered up
With reverent lip and cringing knee
Profound unfettered fealty—
Why, what a mad world it would be.

II.

Would we not wander, sovereigns twain,
O'er all our limitless domain,
Flaunt light farewells in Trouble's face,
Bid Sorrow ride a waiting race,
Then baffle at the breathless goal
Her swift relentless oncoming ?
What largess, lavish hands would fling,
While canzonet and barcarole
Thawed lava from the frozen spite
Of each grim-visaged anchorite ;
And mount and meadow-land we'd move
To smooth the rugged course of love.

III.

But soft ! If I essayed the part
And failed ; and forfeited thy heart,
What then were all my realms to me ?
Far better by thy side to be
Upon some fathomless dim sea
Foredoomed to lasting banishment !
—Fond Dream, adieu ; I am content.

Richard H. Worthington.

A WORKER IN A NEW FIELD.

A RECENT writer, whose reputation and success would lead us to expect better insight, tells us that a New England village is an oligarchy; in effect, that no town officer can be elected, no child named, no fence painted without the advice of a tribunal made up of the parson, the doctor, and the lawyer. Such an absurd mistake may be the result of superficial observation from the standpoint of the "summer boarder," or else, more probably, it has been shaped by the imperceptible influence of wide reading in rustic fiction. The most palpable misstatement, if it only be repeated often enough and long enough and be not combated, will in the end gain the authority of truth. The first American writers looked to Great Britain for the traditions of literary construction; very little has been added to what they found there; there is much that never should have been imitated. There is no strength of authority that can justify the extension of the British formula of dependency and feudalism to a Yankee village. Moreover there is a development of this formula that is open to occasional exception even in England. It is the rule of portraying the life of the "common people" solely in such aspects as it is related to the life of the "upper classes"—in reality, the reading classes.

It is only in the present literary generation that any one has thought to depart from the established precedent of projecting the life of the people upon the plane of the reader, and to put the reader directly into the plane of the people. The popularity accorded to J. M. Barrie and Mary E. Wilkins shows that the reader does not resent the change. These are the foremost workers in a new field; there are others about them laboring in a desultory and intermittent way. Sometimes the virgin ore comes to us not quite clear of the soil from which it was taken; sometimes, particularly in Rudyard Kipling's "Mulvaney Sketches," it comes to us beaten into tawdry

and barbarous shapes. But by its truth to human nature we may be assured of its purity. We know that it is new; we know that no old heirloom has been melted down to be run into the doubtful permanence of a modern mould.

Miss Wilkins' connection with this originality of treatment is remarkable in consideration of her personal trait of imitativeness, a trait so instinctive that, according to her own story, she has often caught herself copying the handwriting of a letter she was answering. The stories of Salem witchcraft and her few "Prose Pastels" show how easily and gracefully she can fall into conventional treatment when it is necessary. But she has turned the faculty of imitation away from the question of treatment and has applied it directly to her subjects; thus she has obtained faithfulness of outline and coloring, and has given life to her pictures.

For a single example there is the description of the hired girl in "A Humble Romance" washing dishes at the sink; "her finger joints and wrist bones were knotty and out of proportion, her elbows, which her rolled-up sleeves displayed, were pointed and knobby, her shoulders bent, her feet spread beyond their natural bounds. . . . She had a pale peaked face, her scanty fair hair was strained tightly back and twisted into a tiny knot and her expression was at once passive and eager." There is hardly any one else writing for the magazines to-day who could have put so much on so small a point who would have thought it worth while to try to do so. Here is no vague impressionistic hinting at the general effect of the figure, leaving to the reader's imagination all the little details that show character. At the end of the first page we know Sally just as well as if we had seen her ourselves, and we get out of her story just what Miss Wilkins intends us to get.

This spirit of detail would be useless without a lively appreciation of the literary value of little things; Miss Wilkins' stories have been called a series of lectures on the beauty of the commonplace. She does not pick out

only the "queer people." Were all her characters gathered in one community the proportion of shrewd, rather narrow, good hearted men and women would be the same as it is in the average New England village. Miss Wilkins is no pessimist. The delineation of her meanest character is full of the charity that is kind. There is no sting in her humor; if we laugh at a lonely old maid's devotion to her cat, it is in sympathy and not in ridicule.

Miss Wilkins has been severely criticised for mannerisms of style. Her most evident peculiarity is that she sacrifices extreme gracefulness to extreme lucidity. Lucidity is not catalogued as a crime in the statute books of literature. If Miss Wilkins survives to posterity as one of the representatives of the day of the short story it will be because she sees clearly and directly and writes as she sees. The development of her popularity has been slower than we realize. "A Humble Romance and Other Stories" was published six years ago. In that time Rudyard Kipling has risen, and—if he has not fallen—has retired from active entertainment of the public. Permanence of literary fame is capricious; but Miss Wilkins does seem to deserve permanence: for having eyes to see, she sees, and having ears to hear, she hears.

Lindsay Denison.

THOMAS GRAY.

“IF poetry is a dream,” says William Hazlitt, “the business of life is much the same.” Thomas Gray, according to many of his critics, seems to have had no business of life at all, not even poetry or dreaming. Dying when well past middle age, he left behind him scarce fourteen hundred verses. “He never spoke out,” emphasizes and reiterates Matthew Arnold, laying the blame for his poetic sterility on his chronic poor health and constitutional melancholy. Mr. Lowell, in his charming essay, one of the last of his published works, accredits the meagreness of the results which Gray accomplished, to his unfortunate lot in living during the much berated eighteenth century, when the literary atmosphere was vitiated by pseudo-classicism and polished flippancy. Men lacked seriousness; “they read Rousseau for amusement and never dreamed that those flowers of rhetoric were ripening the seed of the guillotine.” Only the most discerning minds noted the faint penumbra of coming events: “Responsibility for the Universe had not yet been invented.” Born in the same year with Milton,” says Mr. Arnold, “Gray would have been a different man; born in the same year with Burns, he would have been another man.” Obviously; Cæsar born in the same year with Dante, would neither have conquered Gaul nor been outgeneralled by Cleopatra.

But the true explanation for the scantiness of Gray’s production lies, perhaps, more in the man himself, and not so much in his circumstances. He was not a man of large capacities; there was nothing extensive about him except his studies, and these he carried on in a somewhat leisurely and dilettante fashion, ambling through the classics, with now and then an excursion into the natural sciences. Shy and retiring, the greater part of his life was spent among his books. We can picture him in the dusky little reading room of the newly opened British Museum, poring, note-book in hand, over some dingy old

volume of Catullus or Pindar. He participated in no great events; his most adventurous undertaking being, when a young man newly graduated from Cambridge, a three years' trip on the Continent in company with Horace Walpole. When, in after life, he moved from Peterhouse college to Pembroke, he considered it an era in his existence. And yet, his works aside, his uneventful life is of much more than ordinary interest. His posthumous personality is very strong, stronger perhaps than his living influence; a fact which is owing, in a great degree, to his modernness. He marks, though feebly, the beginning of an era; the inroad of the modern scientific spirit into the realm of æsthetics. He was the first to study Norman architecture with anything approaching to the thoroughness of modern investigation; and his opinions, both artistic and literary, distinctly foreshadow, in their fairness and acumen, the so-called higher criticism, which was to find its exponent a century later in Sainte Beuve. He was what would now be called a Hellenist, and caught the spirit of the old Greeks amongst whom he spent so much of his time, snatched some of the living fire from the dusty old tomes over which he pored. And it was this spirit of perfection that has immortalized the "Elegy," the one poem on which his high reputation rests. The "Bard" and the "Progress of Poesy" are by some critics considered finer, but his widespread reputation rests on the Elegy alone; and perhaps rightly, too, for however untrustworthy that capricious arbiter popular opinion may be in its judgments of contemporaries, it is very apt, in the long run, to render a correct verdict. It has been said that Gray was a mere "artist in words and phrases," and that he voiced the trite thoughts which exist in everybody's mind; but does not the surest proof of genius lie in the ability to express that which everyone thinks, in a manner which no one else can equal? It is needless to say how the "Elegy" has endeared itself to all English-speaking people, and become, like "Hamlet" or the "Canterbury Tales," part of the very stuff out of which

our language is made. His other poems savor too strongly of eighteenth century grandiloquence to quite suit the modern ear, which has listened to Wordsworth, or perhaps appreciated Browning.

"To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball"—

sounds to us realists an unnecessary, or even ludicrous, paraphrase. Yet his poems are so perfect in workmanship, such models of style, that we can well afford to overlook their occasional quaint stiltedness.

However, it is the man in whom we are most interested. The tenor of his poetry interprets his mental attitude; his extremely ornate and polished style indicates a certain want of rugged force in his character. He had neither power nor wish to swim against adverse currents of any sort, was never, in his writings or his life, anything else than decorously self-contained, and preëminently respectable. Mildly liberal, he had the greatest horror of anything that smacked of unorthodoxy. "I have one thing to beg of you which you must not refuse," he said to his young friend Nicholls, who was departing for the continent, "do not go to see Voltaire." Buried in his studies, he always fought shy of prominence of any kind, and had an amused dislike of celebrities; yet was so sensitively proud that he would take no money for his writings, and refused the Laureateship, remarking that it usually degraded the holder. It is, of course, in his letters that we get the most vivid glimpse of his personality. In them we see that there was something behind the faultless excellence of his poetic style, which, like the highly polished surface of mahogany, from its very brilliancy hides the underlying grain. In them we see his real depth of character, his "excellent seriousness," as well as his consummate tact and unerring good taste. We all know how hard it is to write a letter of condolence, how hard to bend the words into some semblance of the grief and pity we would express. To his life-long friend Mason, whose young wife lay dying, Gray wrote, "I

break in upon you at a moment when we least of **all** are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that **you** are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the **worst** be not yet passed you will neglect and pardon me; **but** if the last struggle is over, if the poor object of your **anxieties** be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to **her** own sufferings, allow me (at least an idea, for what **more** could I do if I were present more than this), to sit by **you** in silence and pity from the heart, not her who is at **rest**, but you who lose her." Such expression needs no comment. Nor was he wanting in humor; his letters, to **be** sure, seldom sparkle, but they often crackle dryly like a half-burned log. "'Tis but a puling chit," he remarks of one of his neglected epics; and, in writing to his friend Dr. Brown, of the "Bard" then in process of completion, he lamented "that it was not a bit grown though it was fine open weather."

That which his letters most clearly bring out, however, and which one might fail to infer from his poems, is his deep love of nature. And by this is meant a nature-love according to modern ideas, a romantic passion forecasting of Gilbert White and Thoreau. Gray was the first to truly appreciate the beautiful Lake region, forestalling Wordsworth by nearly a century. It was his custom, when absent from Cambridge during the summer vacation, to make short trips in the country, and of these his correspondence has furnished us some most delightful records. Well posted in botany and zoölogy, and with the keenest love of everything wild and picturesque, he enjoyed to the utmost these little journeys. Speaking of "Gowder" crag in the Lakes he says "The place reminds one of those passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass, that would overwhelm a caravan." Again he speaks of "Saddleback" mountain, whose furrowed sides were gilt by noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds, as they sailed slowly by it." And this in a day

when shell-decked grottos, in the midst of artificial parks, were considered the choicest beauties of nature. How he observes the trout showing up under the bridges, and the age of the hill side woods; and what keen pleasure he takes in the farmer's account of capturing the eagle's nest! In these letters, at any rate, shows the true poet, and although they are but prose, they have the "metre-making argument" which Emerson holds essential to true poetry.

Gray was not a great man, nor, perhaps, a great poet, but a man with some great and deep thoughts, which he had the genius to clothe with the utmost felicity of expression. His works, few and frail though they be, are yet put together with such consummate skill, as to ensure for them an existence as long as that of the language itself. And the man himself, although living the small, retired life of a student, unenlivened by anything heroic or even exciting, yet, by reason of his scholarship and good breeding, kindness and purity, deserves to hold no lower place as a man than as poet. For "he taught himself to consider everything as trifling and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in that state in which God had placed him."

Henry Lane Eno.

NOTABILIA.

The Board of Editors wishes to acknowledge the kind assistance of Professor McLaughlin and Doctor Phelps in serving on the committee for the award of the **LIT.** Medal.

* * *

It is rather unfortunate that the Senior Class has been offered such a poor set of subjects for the Townsend Prize—unfortunate for those who must listen to the speaking on Commencement Day as well as for those who write.

All rules have exceptions, but we can safely say that generally what is best in writing comes from the inspiration the writer can arouse about his subject. As a general thing it is what men write with the "running pen" that interests at least, rather than what is written and re-written with forced care and labor. In other words interest in the subject and nothing else is what brings out good pieces in such essays as those for this prize, the most important and honorable of the undergraduate course. Perseverance enough can arouse interest in almost anything; but we have yet to see a man who has become interested in any of the present subjects.

In these days it is the fashion to smile at the proverbial graduation essay—its dryness, its tediousness, the presumption of its youthful author are all themes that furnish the humorous paragrapher abundant material during the last weeks of every June. In older and larger universities than Yale such essays are serious matters, and are so regarded not only by the candidate for his prize or degree, but by the outside community. But they will never have the merit and esteem here that they might when the very things of which they treat are as unattractive as they appear to a few very humble endeavorers to be interested.

* * *

The death of Mr. Ernest Whitney of the class of 1882 is a peculiarly sad one to chronicle because it is the death of a young man whose short career just ended brought so much honor to himself and his university and promised so much more honor for the future.

During his college course Mr. Whitney was chairman of the Board of Editors of this Magazine, besides gaining other literary distinctions. Two years after his graduation he was made Instructor in English here, where his attractive personality as well as his brilliant mental qualities will always be remembered by those who were connected with him.

His poems that have thus far appeared in the magazines and in the small volumes he has published have brought him a sound and lasting reputation as an author. Though his place among Yale's living men of letters is now vacant, his work remains after him and will always give him an honorable position among the poets and authors who have graduated here.

PORTFOLIO.

—There can be few more dreary regions in the world than the great desert of the Canadian North-west. The vast plains here have a barrenness that is softened in the more southern prairies and that the dry brown grasses and whitened pools of alkali water only serve to increase. Amid such monotonous surroundings little things become very interesting, and the stops at the small, isolated stations where one can see two or three other persons beside his familiar fellow travelers, become the great excitement of the day.

One afternoon the train drew up at a station consisting of the usual platform with the station-master's little house at one end and a water tank at the other. The station-master ran forward to the express car and the other two occupants of the platform stood silently looking at the train. One was an Indian, clad principally in a dirty red blanket; the other was a member of the Canadian Mounted Police, who, with his round fatigue cap set jauntily over one ear, his red jacket and little riding whip, would have looked more at home on the parade-ground of St. James's Palace than in this lonely country.

The major had been thoroughly disgusted with the appearance of these policemen. "Just look at that chap!" he exclaimed as we stood on the rear platform. "Why that fellow would be more appropriate at a fancy dress ball than in this God-forsaken land. This sunshine, tin-soldier business is all nonsense. One of our cavalry men in a flannel shirt and a slouch hat could out-ride that swell any time, and out-fight him too, by George!"

The Philadelphia lawyer smiled slightly at the Major's enthusiasm. "Well, I don't know," he remarked doubtfully and lazily. "When you come down to it the real purpose of military in a district like this is more to overawe than to fight. Now I'd be willing to bet that that Indian there stands a good deal more in awe of that tin soldier than he would of one of our ruffianly cavalry men. Watch that savage now—you can see the subservience of the perfectly cowed animal in his eyes. I tell you he would no more dare to speak to that soldier than—than anything."

The train started just then, but we still stood looking at the men on the platform. As the rear car passed the station-master's house we saw several beer bottles on the window sill. The Indian had taken his eyes from the train and was looking at the soldier doubtfully. Suddenly he made a step forward and laid his grimy finger on the other's red coat sleeve, at the same time motioning over his shoulder with his thumb in the direction of the beer bottles. The soldier began to grin and the Indian began to grin. The station-master was at the other end of the platform.

The last remembrance we had of that station was the mental photograph of the soldier and the Indian sitting on a bale of merchandise smilingly regarding each other over the open months of two bottles and presumably wishing each other health and happiness.

As I went back into the car I saw the major and the Philadelphia lawyer disappearing in the direction of the *buffet* and the latter was feeling for his loose change.

F. P.

—There is no place in which the winter works so many changes as the sea, and this is particularly true of an inland body like the Sound. The mellow haze that gives the water a languorous charm in August has entirely disappeared; and the keenly-felt atmosphere is so clear that the coast line far away stands out a beautifully defined though distant mass of blue and white. The sky has felt the influence of the ghostly season and lost a little of its color, but gleams with the brilliancy of a star, and marks the horizon line as sharply as though drawn with a compass. Waves of a purplish-gray beat silently on a snow-white shore, the coast line being strongly emphasized by the abrupt contrast of sea and sheeted land. The spirit of the season seems to have swept over all, taking from the scene that air of romance and indistinctness which we have always thought to hang over the sea.

But winter here has a peculiar quality of its own that mainly appears in the stillness worse than desolation, in which all things are wrapt. If there is a darkness that may be seen, this is a silence that may be heard. Along the coast are scattered the summer hotels and cottages, closed fast, peopled only by the ghosts of past merrymakings. The summer yacht is replaced by the yawl of some poor oystermen, which slowly

drones by, then fades into the distance as mysteriously as it came. A distant city looms up in smoke and blackness, but is as silent as though long since deserted. Now and then a sea bird swings aimlessly around in the air. The only noise is the faint rumble of the paddle wheel of some Sound steamer, which increases as the boat draws near. Every window is closed fast, the streaming flags are down, the deck is deserted with the exception of a solitary sailor, who, closely wrapped up, slowly marches up and down. The steamer quickly glides by, and the quiet returns only made more emphatic by this pretence of human life.

B. J. H.

—Within the encircling arms of London, but in a district that a hundred or more years ago was a stretch of green fields and wooded parks, stands an old mansion. Its huge zig-zag chimneys and overhanging stories are like elbows to thrust back its modern neighbors, while the tall gables seem to nod, and the latticed windows with their diamond panes to wink drowsily at the street. On the sill before the heavy oaken door the dust lies deep; in the eaves, where the pigeons once cooed through the summer days, and round the weather vane where they once soared and tumbled, the sparrows now chirp and quarrel.

Hither in former days came the first and fairest of the land driving out from the city in their great gilded coaches. Hither oft-times came Mr. Spectator to hear the news and enjoy a "Dish of Bohea." Entering its wide hall with its rich hangings from the East, and its tall China vases, then all the fashion, he comes upon a grave old gentleman called Sir Roger de Coverley, in a snuff colored suit, knee breeches and a wig tied behind with a black ribbon. He is sipping his tea with evident satisfaction while he listens to Young Esmond's account of his adventures in Flanders. Near by a group of officers—veterans of Blenheim perhaps—are criticising the policy of the government, or pronouncing tea a poor substitute for brandy and water. Further on the Queen's maids of honor and the other ladies of the court, their fingers loaded with jewels and their faces adorned with many a "patch," are clinking their spoons in their saucers and bandying jokes of rather questionable taste with a crowd of gay young noblemen. Here the handing of a cup is the means of slipping a

scented note into a daintily gloved hand; yonder fierce glances are exchanged and hands close instinctively on sword hilts, as Belinda, the reigning belle, favors one and slights another of her suitors. Off by themselves, round a table on which rest their tea cups (and heaps of golden sovereigns) would sit the more elderly ladies, intent on a game of Ombre; while apart from the busy throng, Addison's deep eyes take in the scene abstractedly as though beholding some "Vision of Mirza" vouchsafed to him alone.

Y. H.

—It is in one of the *Café Chantants* at Stockholm. The Scandinavians with their characteristic love of the open air and their delight in everything bright and gay, for they are something like the Parisians in this respect, support these open air resorts well in summer, and sit each evening at one of the little tables in front of the Band Stand, conversing in their musical dialect and drinking their liquors together, with their after-dinner cup of coffee. And at precisely ten o'clock Signor Pasqualis is to sing.

The *Café Mardo* is situated directly on the banks of the beautiful Stockholm Fjord. Some of the tables are drawn close to the water's edge, but just before the great event of the evening takes place—the coming of the Signor—the people draw around the centre of the garden in crowds, and the colored lamps about the grounds are illuminated one by one until gradually the place assumes the appearance of Fairyland. And then, amid a burst of applause which echoes and dies away across the rippling water, the great Signor Pasqualis makes his appearance. He is tall and handsome, as he stands there bowing his acknowledgments, attired in an immaculate *dress* suit. After the applause has died away he smiles at the audience familiarly and good-naturedly, and glancing at the leader begins his song. He sings of Italy, his Fatherland; sings of the warm, sunny Venice, his picturesque home, sings of it here, far away, in the "Venice of the North." Perhaps that is why the notes seem so sad, so far off, so dreamy. The audience applauds, and the Signor appears and re-appears, until having bowed again and again, he sings a tale of Swedish love in broken Scandinavian. And the people, the fathers, the wives, and the children, drink their Cognac and are happy as they hark to the music on the banks of the Great Fjord,

and watch the tiny ferry boat plying to and fro. It requires no great lover of music to discover that the Signor has an excellent voice. Were he singing at La Scala or at Covent Garden you would say it was magnificent. As it is, hearing him sing, for an apparently small salary, in the open air at Stockholm, you remark that some of the notes are broken, and that he must be dissipated. Could it not be that he loves this life in the open air, far, far away from the bustle of the great world; likes the Swedish people and their soft, gentle disposition; likes the friends he has made here by the water's edge? For when he has completed his part of the entertainment he mingles with the crowd of onlookers, and listens to the orchestra, a simple, unaffected man. And if you watch you will find that all love and respect Signor Pasqualis and feel honored if, on this particular evening, he choose to be seated at their side. Is this not quite possible? And is it not a much prettier thought? Already it has become a custom in Stockholm to hear the Signor. The whole thing is so romantic that someone of his admirers might almost invent a legend about him, a legend that shall become famous, a tribute to the genius who inspired it, Signor Pasqualis.

R. T. W.

—Old Salem is losing its individuality and quaintness. Now it is little more than a city where leather is tanned and boots and shoes are made. In the oldest part of the town, in South Salem there was ten years ago a little white house that seemed strangely neat among the shiftless Italian tenements that surrounded it. Perhaps, by this time, it is as much of a laborer's boarding house as any of the rest; for the old sea captain who lived there is dead. At any rate the garden is gone.

The rusty green paint on the lattice-work fence that surrounded it was peeling in flakes from the gray wood. The entrance was just back of the kitchen door, through a little swinging gate, on which was a gloriously carved schooner under full sail—the product of the enforced leisure that followed for three months after Captain John was married. Within was a cool vista of grape vines, with one or two openings into the long flower beds on either side. Hollyhocks swayed and bridled against a background of climbing roses, white, pink and red. Morning glories ran riot over feathery

asparagus bushes, and sweet peas rose up in the midst of a bed of heartsease.

About midway under the grape vines was a weather-stained, much whittled bench, where, in the late afternoon, Captain James Foster and Uncle John used to sit spinning over and over again yarns of the Gold Coast and the Cannibal Isles. On the haircloth sofa in the dismal stuffy parlor lay a neglected heap of Crimean ivory fetiches and tiny villainous Hindoo gods of ebony; what were these to a tale in which there was a pirate ship that was decorated from stem to stern with the ghastly relics of her victims! Those were terrible stories the gentle old men used to tell while the bees and humming birds droned outside, the sweet smell of violets and damp earth floated up the arbor and the sunlight sifted through the shaking leaves. One would whittle at a toy boat while the other talked, and the story was only ended when Aunt Sally, catching a glimpse through the kitchen door of a pale face and wild horror-struck eyes would sweep down upon us to drag me away to the parlor and to the strange gods. But they would intercede for me with penitent, shamed countenances and promise that all conversation should be confined to the deadly insult put upon all true sailors by the "durned cuss that first put paddles on a durned tea kettle."

Bless their old souls! There are no more men like Captain James Foster and my Uncle John.

L. D.

—How would it be received? Occupying a back seat in the gallery of one of the largest European concert halls a man was nervously asking himself this question. A musician by profession he had gone to the metropolis with the expectation of acquiring riches and even fame. For a long time he had struggled, but so far in vain. The usual fate of aspirants in art had attended him. All his compositions had until now been refused; the first accepted one was to be played that evening.

As he sat there, his wasted form filling only a portion of the seat, visions of a great career rose before him. That night was to be only the beginning of a long series of successes. He saw himself one of the most prominent musicians in the country. Students of music came to him to be heard, and then go away satisfied with the honor of having played be-

fore so great a master. The orchestra playing the first bars of his work awoke him from his reverie to the importance of the moment. How long it was until the last note lost itself in the corners of that great hall, how long the silence that followed! Had it been a failure? In answer came a round of applause, sweeter music to his ears than any he had ever heard.

* * * * *

The dim light of a summer sunset is throwing dark shadows over the floor. Leaning back in his chair an elderly man is watching the approach of darkness. Suddenly through the open window come the notes of a well known piece, carrying him far back into the past. As the last strains die away, he listens attentively. Only a moment and a loud applause greets his ear. He smiles as his remembrance goes back over so many intervening years. Yet wait! there is the piano again playing an encore, but not one of his compositions. The smile fades from his face. It was the pianist that had been applauded. The composer had been forgotten. R. S. B.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Senior Promenade Committee.

The Promenade Committee, elected Feb. 7, is as follows: Wade (chairman), Smith (floor-manager), Hay, Robinson, Jones, Beadleston, Martin, Begg and Slade.

Second University Meeting.

At a meeting of the University, held in Alumni Hall, Feb. 8, it was decided to vote upon the following questions:

1. Shall the acts and agreements of the athletic captains and managers be ratified and stand till Jan. 1, 1894?

2. Shall a committee composed of the captains and managers of the four athletic organizations ex-officio and four members of the graduate departments, to be elected by the several departments upon nomination by the chairman of the Yale News, two from the Law School and one each from the Medical and Theological Schools, be empowered to draft constitutions for the four athletic organizations and propose the same to the University for ratification before Jan. 1, 1894?

The balloting resulted in the approval of both propositions by majorities of 187 and 781 respectively.

News Board Elections.

At a meeting of the incoming Board, held Feb. 17, L. S. Stillman was elected chairman and John Howland financial editor.

Yale News Dinner.

The sixteenth annual banquet was held at Heublein's, February 20. N. H. Swayne, '93, and W. W. Smith, '93 acted as toastmasters. The following were the toasts:

The Retiring Board,	I. B. Laughlin, '93.
The Incoming Board,	L. S. Stillman, '94.
Reminiscences,	Prof. H. A. Beers, '69.
The Editor's Table,	Winthrop E. Dwight, '93.
Co-education,	A. L. Greer, '93.
The Record,	Don Barber, '93 S.
The Graduate Rule,	Edward Boltwood, '92.
The Campus Note Book,	Webster Wheelock, '93.
Old Files,	C. P. Kellogg, '90.

Yale Lit. Elections.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, Feb. 28, the following men were elected: Eno, Judson, Nichols, Paine and Reed. The elections were approved by the present Board.

BOOK NOTICES.

The modern tourist with a guide book in his hand, a dictionary in his pocket, and a courier at his elbow is a familiar figure. He is usually an American and is therefore in a hurry. He is—if it is possible to stretch the imagination so far—the fast mail personified, and stops only at large stations. Perhaps too the tourist feels under obligations to pour his drop into the vast ocean of literature—to publish an account of his travels, and is accordingly doubly anxious to return to his native land. The final outcome is the public appearance of his contribution, through, it may be, the friendly medium of the country newspaper, or perhaps in more pretentious form as a new book with bright covers and dull reading. But the evil in such productions is not the mere negative one of worthlessness; it lies rather in the tendency which they have to obscure what is really good, until the unwary reader, bewildered by flaunting titles and ambitious illustrations, is scarcely able to discriminate between the keen observations of the educated traveler who possesses a facile pen, and the superficial journal of the commonplace tourist whose hand is cramped by much writing.

It is therefore with relief that one is rewarded in his search at last, and finds on the *Highways of Europe** no cloud of dust stirred up by any ordinary traveler. The author, Jules Michelet, looked however with no unprejudiced eye at men and their surroundings. He was a thorough Frenchman who loved France with a true love, and hated England with a true hatred. But at the time of his writing this book the events following the French Revolution were not so deeply buried in the past that the bitterness of Waterloo and the interference of England had been turned into sweetness and a feeling of brotherly love for that great country. The English veterans Michelet called—"that mercenary army, up to this time well fed, well disciplined, and well accustomed to meet the French." He also attributes their pugnacious spirit to their manner of living. "Stock raisers and meat eaters—I do not say this to depreciate this great people . . . whatever may have been originally the reason of so nutritious a diet, it is certainly the preponderating cause of the puissant energy of this people. It has made a race ever more covetous and enterprising. . . . In our day this diet of flesh and blood gives them a calm strength for action and labor which does not evaporate, like the vivacity of wine-growing countries."

It is well for the reader to make allowance for Michelet's attitude towards England and to take what he says with an occasional measure of salt. He was however a careful observer and looked well into the causes of things. He was not a traveler who merely described landscapes and stage passengers, whose views were framed by the stage window. He dined at M. de Tallyrand's in London, and in Ireland spent a delightful evening with a family of title, the members of which entertained him amongst other things with a fine rendering of Moore's melodies. He dwelt at some length upon

* *On The Highways of Europe*. By Jules Michelet: translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York. Cassell Pub. Co.

the character of Flemish painting; and found many an interesting fact not revealed to a superficial gaze. *On the Highways of Europe* is in portions nevertheless rather prosy reading, although it is well stocked with fine descriptions and wise sayings. It is not a guide-book however, and being written before railroads had secured scarcely more than a foothold in England, is free from the smoke and cinders which in some mysterious way often seem to besmirch the leaves of modern books of travel. England Michelet visited in 1834, Flanders and Holland in 1837-40, and Switzerland, Lombardy, and the Tyrol in 1838. To write an account of his travels was a relaxation for the author of the *Histoire de France* and the *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, but the traveler could not lay aside completely the rôle of historian, and the reader will find that the *Highways of Europe* contains not descriptions alone but historical bits as well. He will get a glimpse not only of the countries visited but of France also, for Michelet, unlike the "man without a country," always took his country with him. Of her he says—"France, all whose defects I know well, has this in her favor—she will strive, suffer, immolate herself, even, for the triumph of an idea. Her ambition is to make the world profit by it even should she see it turn against her, as happened in our great Revolution of 1789."

On the Highways of Europe is admirably translated by Mary J. Serrano.

*Hume's Treatise of Morals** is the first of the ethical series edited by Dr. Sneath of Yale. This series "will consist of a number of small volumes, each of which will be devoted to the presentation of a leading system in the History of Modern Ethics, in selections or extracts from the original works. These selections will be accompanied by explanatory and critical notes. They will also be introduced by a bibliography, a brief biographical sketch of the author of the system, a statement of the relation of the system to preceding ethical thought, and a brief explanation of the main features of the system and its influence on subsequent ethical thought. The volumes will be prepared by experienced teachers in the department of Ethics and with special reference to undergraduate instruction and study in colleges."

Owing to the increasing interest in the study of Ethics and the need of suitable text books on this subject, such a series will undoubtedly meet with popular favor, while the names of those who are engaged in editing and preparing this work are a sufficient recommendation in themselves of its merits. The volume on Hobbes is being prepared by Prof. G. M. Duncan of Yale University.

The wise author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" has been justly held to have been a man, ingenious and sharp minded. But to nicely dissect and differentiate the melancholies of modern times would try the keen edge of even old Burton's wit. There is every shade of it in our modern poetry from the ferruginous suicidal despair of M. Baudelaire to a half audible

**Hume's Treatise of Morals*: and selections from the *Treatise of the Passions*, with an introduction by Jas. H. Hyslop, Ph.D., instructor in Logic, Ethics, and Psychology, Columbia College, N. Y. Boston. Ginn & Co.

sigh in the laughter of Lewis Carroll. And, certainly, the poems in the collection named, *Fair Shadow Land** have their peculiar tone of melancholy which is distinctly felt, though not easily caught in a definition. In a musical little prelude Miss Thomas sings of the dreams which have come from the twin gates :

"Some were but false I deemed most true,
And some were true I counted vain ;
Some fled the day and some remain,
* * * * *
Yet, true or false, they are the friends
Fair Shadow land in pity lends—
For dreams are charms to sheathe the steel
Of all we here too keenly feel."

Yet these poems seem to make one feel only the more sadly the hard things in life. They sing too much of the great "might-have been." The peculiar note of the more personal lyrics is that of resignation—not to say despair. Take at random any passage from these poems :

"Myself I pity not, but only such
As have not had, nor therefore lost, so much."

or "Thou repentest !—dost thou deem
Heaven is lent unto thy scheme
That thou mayest now undo
What thy writhing heartstrings rue."

or, still a better example :—

"Thou dreamest the word shall return, shot arrow-like into the air.
The white hour of life be restored, that passed then unprized,
undescribed !
Thy prayers are as runners that faint, that fail within sight of the
goal,
For this that thou prayest fond things, 'tis a far cry to Heaven my
soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven !"

There is not much encouragement in telling a man that what is done can never be undone, that the mistakes of the past will surely bring their sad results, and that he can merely await them.

It is always a bad sign when you can find no laughter in lyric poetry, not even a smile on the face of melancholy. And I cannot think that Miss Thomas has brought friends from her *Fair Shadow Land*, as she promises, to charm men from care. Some of the more dramatic verses seem to have a swing to them which partly hides sadness. Miss Thomas has written some very pretty poems on flowers—always, however, bringing to them

**Fair Shadow Land*. By Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co
The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

some half-sad sentiment. "The Fringed Gentians" is a very quaint and pretty conceit. But the volume ends with a poem in her most characteristic vein, with the refrain: "I shall remember." If I were asked to pick out the poem which had the happiest expression of the peculiar note of melancholy which sounds through all, I should select the charming little lyric called:—"A World of Roses." It ends:

"Had she not wiselier chosen
 For every day a rose,
 Instead of one brief revel
 From elfland's garden-close?
 Howe'er it be I know not:
 This only will she say,
 'I had my world of roses
 For half a wondrous day.'"

*The Children of the King** has added to the list of Mr. Marion Crawford's writings but hardly to his reputation as a writer. This latest production of Mr. Crawford's is certainly not an example of his best work, and although not meant to be pretentious in itself, the book is somewhat disappointing to the reader whose expectation on beginning the first chapter are not realized at the close. The true merit of a literary production is often obscured by the failure of the author to reach the standard of his previous works. His readers will therefore be dissatisfied with the general results achieved in the author's latest effort and will be inclined to overlook what is really good. It is for this reason that the merits of Mr. Crawford's new book are to a certain degree hidden, and fail to impress the general reader. Moreover *The Children of the King*, while relatively short, has not substance enough to be extended over so many pages, and would be more artistic if condensed to the size of the magazine story. Indeed nowadays it is no easy matter to draw the line between the short story and the precocious novel. The writer is likely to err on one side or the other.

The plot of the book in question is interesting but by no means deeply laid. Indeed the whole story savors of romantic lights and shadows, as is intended, and suggests Italian skies, blue waters, and balmy air scented with the luxurious cigarette. The characters that are most attractive are those kept purposely in the background. The Marchesa is too indolent to make the effort to be interesting, and Ruggiero would show even a stronger nature if he loved, unrequited perhaps, without finding it necessary to make a tragic end of his life. No one can blame him however for falling in love with Beatrice.

But whatever may be the particular faults of *Children of the King*, at least the story is entertaining and gives one a glimpse of Italian life with all its picturesqueness and charm. Love and hatred, gentleness and harshness are skillfully woven into the plot, and a climax of dramatic pathos is reached at the end.

**The Children of the King*, a Tale of Southern Italy. By F. Marion Crawford. New York. Macmillan & Co.

The book-reviewer too often takes himself and his work in an over-serious vein. And therefore, when he picks up *The New Eden*,* he may consume a considerable portion of his time in coming to comprehend that he is a victim of a joke; for it is difficult to regard the book in any other light. Its foundation is little short of preposterous; a certain archduke, presumably bored and *blasé*, has the fortune to discover in the southern seas an archipelago in which the human race has just come into existence. On his return, after ten years have passed, he cannot determine whether he prefers the primitive to the *fin de siècle* state of society. Viewed from the constructive side, there is no dramatic fitness in the position of this present-day character; it should have been made more prominent or omitted entirely.

The author's conception of Eve must seem to the reader incorrect in many particulars. He evidently believes that woman's actions toward man are intuitive, and that in all but dress and intelligence the primitive female may be considered as identical with the "girl of the period;" this view we are much inclined to doubt.

The book is abundantly sprinkled with bright descriptions which depend for their strength on the applications to primitive relations of what we are accustomed to regard as exclusively modern ideas. It is very readable and though humorously superficial in treatment has a certain value for the ideas it suggests.

But after all, it must be with a feeling of distinct pleasure that the reader turns from slang and superficiality to the scholarly and dignified as exemplified in *Literary Criticism*,† a volume of selections from standard English essayists, with an introduction and notes by Professor McLaughlin. The aim of the book is well set forth in the introduction, where the editor says: "it is a delicate problem to adjust the relation between independence and a deference to authority. In *belles lettres*, especially, what seems best to the taste and appreciation of those who are called literary, often fails to please ordinary readers. The classics of our poetry and prose are not popular, and where they are read, what to a few appears their best is quite missed by most. Their difficulty lies in not applying their faculties successfully to literature, or still more, in not taking the trouble to attempt it. . . . Especially in the case of students, is "good taste" to be taught?"

Professor McLaughlin, in spite of the experience which has brought him into contact with "young men by hundreds," from many of whom "the grace and nicer meaning of poetry are locked and sealed," is disposed to take a healthy, optimistic position on the question; and by this valuable help to the study of criticism, has gone to work in the right way to bring in a much needed reform.

**The New Eden*. By C. J. C. Hyne. New York: Longmann, Green & Co.

†*Literary Criticism for Students*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes. By Professor Edward T. McLaughlin of Yale University. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The tenth volume of *Chambers' Encyclopædia** has recently been issued. This volume of the "dictionary of useful knowledge" contains articles of merit from many recognized authorities and writers, among whom are J. Arthur Thomson, Mrs. Annie Besant, John Burroughs, Prof. James Geikie, Rev. R. B. Drummond, Austin Dobson, and Prof. Edward Channing. There are also eighteen excellent maps and numerous illustrations. *Chambers' Encyclopædia* has several qualities especially to recommend it—it is of convenient size, easy of consultation with not too professional information, and the price, \$3.00 per volume, puts it within the reach of nearly all who have any use for such a work. It has for the present one advantage over all other encyclopædias in being the latest issued, and consequently most up to date.

**Chambers' Encyclopædia*. New Editions. Vol. X. Swastika to Zyrjanovsk. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia. Price \$3.00.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have lately published the following books:—

Robinson's New Practical Arithmetic for Common Schools and Academies, price 65 cents.

Robinson's New Primary Arithmetic, price 18 cents.

Robinson's New Rudiments of Arithmetic, price 30 cents: and

Marmion, a Tale of Floddën Field. By Sir Walter Scott, price 20 cents.

RECEIVED.

A North Country Comedy. By M. Betham Edwards, author of "Kitty," "Disarmed," etc. Lippincott's Select Novels. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Company, price 50 cents.

Greek-English Word-List, containing about 1,000 most common Greek words so arranged as to be most easily learned and remembered; by Robert Baird, Prof. of Greek in Northwestern University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

After the ladies have left the table, Mr. Oldboy has a habit of referring to the old college days in the fifties, and protests, over his glass of wine, that the four years are a genuine bit of the golden age: not a single unpleasant hour; no, nothing to regret except their brevity. His statement gains a wide currency. For the world is always ready to accept as true such attractive after dinner statistics. There are many people who believe that college life has no trials of any sort. That famous sportsman, Mr. Jorrocks, once said of the noble art of fox-hunting: "It is a royal sport, with all the excitement, and only twenty-five per cent. of the danger, of real war." Now this is true of college life, but you must not fail to count that twenty-five per cent. of trouble and disappointment, without which it would not be worth anything at all. It is this modicum of the world's ills which fixes a man's character. If he have taken them bravely and fought off stoutly the Blue-devil Sprite, while in college, the odds are that he will be a contented spirit through life. And I can fancy nothing more attractive than a contented man. The Spirit of the age, which haunts such places as Wall Street, despises this virtue. Graduation day orators speak loftily about 'noble discontent,' whatever that may mean. When Poets, since the days of Horace, have sung contentment, and the joys of quiet life, and the trials of ambition and worldly success, men have usually whispered that the grapes were sour. And probably they were. The gospel of contentment has had its hypocrites. But its creed is not, to think that your glass of common claret is the richest of old Port, but to drink it cheerfully if you have nothing better. If you miss that early train, don't make this a text for an angry letter to the Herald, but wait and take the next. When you find yourself the subject of one of the practical jokes of that dry wag, the Goddess of Fortune, join in the general laugh.

Another of these after-dinner reflections, that are served with the coffee, is that the college estimate of a man is, after all, correct. We always join in the applause which greets this remark at alumni dinners. We do manage to get pretty close to men's hearts here. But even this statement catches a doubtful character from the atmosphere of good humor and cigar smoke in which it is uttered. Here we have been honestly trying for the last years to square our notions with facts. And yet there is always something turning up unexpectedly in men which knocks another corner out of our pet theory. Your commonplace friend often turns out to have the spark of genius. And the most selfish of men you will sometimes find doing an act of charity on the sly. Some of the rarest flowers grow up in the midst of weeds and thorns. Think of the cavalier poets. Hot-headed fighters, hard drinkers, and arrant liars, at that,—you can almost see their fierce moustachios and hear their round oaths,—and yet, over their flagons of wine, they wrote the purest of love poems. How many times has some shabby, worthless character in life, met death royally? The man who lives a narrow drudging life, in the dullest of surroundings, often has played the part of hero for a mo-

ment, and then gone back to his drudgery. You may always look for the great law of compensation. There is usually something of Mr. Wordly Wiseman in the most righteous of the Saints. It is just, I suppose, that the stern and upright Christian should pass judgment on poor Dick Steele, who frequented low taverns and forgot to pay his debts. Yet every body loves Dick Steele. If there is a fallacy lurking even in college estimates, we will do well afterwards not to take offense at an unpleasant temper or forbidding face. We have to take our chances with a guess from a man's face, and, who knows what sorry mistakes we are making. Jones sits all day on a high office stool, and his coat is blue and shiny at the seams. We make our guess, and, Heaven knows, 'we are all wrong,' and Jones is twice the man, and has twice as large a heart as the stout elder partner who sits in his brougham, and is known as a philanthropist. Our charts do not tell us the soundings.

Here should enter the Epilogue, to bespeak the courtesy of the gentle reader toward all that has been said on this stage during the past twelve months. But his speech is short. For the philosopher's robe which he has taken on his shoulders is threadbare and shabby, and it is quite time to drop it altogether; for you can hear the rustle of people feeling for their hats and cloaks, and soon he will be speaking to empty benches.

The door of the editor's room is open and we are to go. But first a health to the past year and to Salut Elihu. Let it be a hearty one, and not a drop left in our glass to pour as libation to the Goddess of Regret! For the ending of good times is the crown of them all, to my fancy; and it is a pleasant thing to shake hands with a year's experience over the Editor's Table.

We reprint some lines on Phillips Brooks, from the Memorial Number of the *Harvard Monthly*.

Scarce has the dream-wrapt earth heaved one faint sigh
 Of drowsy waking, scarce the winter's heart
 Yielded in tears unto the softer air;
 And yet the day is kind, yet in the sky
 The mellowing blue is warm with liquid light.
 Fit is the time! For from this rigorous strain
 Of duty, from this loud life and hard day,
 From this unquiet pain, the palm of strife
 Changed for the olive, passes he to face
 The mystery of the Eternal God.
 To few is blown from Heaven so clear a call
 That, rapt at hearts, youth pauses,—as the note
 Dissolves along the path of coming years,
 It flings its doubt and stands well-knit to bear
 The burden of a conscious destiny.
 Fewer, such course begun, find in the clay
 A sustenance so stubborn in its temper
 As strengthens with defeat. Yet few indeed,

Fewest are they, who win the heavenly goal
And stretch the nervous arm to bear the prize.
Then thrice-blessed he, because thrice-called : the first
In youth, the next in strength, the last in age.
Each hour he lived his life ; for reaching forth
Unto those things that are before, he pressed
Toward the mark—the mark he now has touched.

The last slow step has died ;
Now all is past. The wing of night lifts gray
Out of the East, the moon is white and cold,
Keener the winter's touch : and all is still
Save where dull echoes join above the grave,
Whereto is rendered up the thing that, come
Of earth, is hers in end and origin—
Rendered, until at length its elements
Rise from corruption out of dust to join
The soul, that both stand spotless in His sight.

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It was St. Valentine went by,
 So tattered bent and thin,
 That pretty maids ran down in haste
 To let the gray beard in.
 They stirred the fire to a blaze,
 They warmed his heart with wine,
 His chilly cheek with many a kiss—
 O, ho! St. Valentine!

And laughing to himself he sat
 Those gentle souls among,
 While all day long about his chair
 With sweet ado they hung.
 Poor silly boy! He might have guessed
 They saw his wings ashine
 Beneath the ragged cloak he wore
 To play St. Valentine!

—Life

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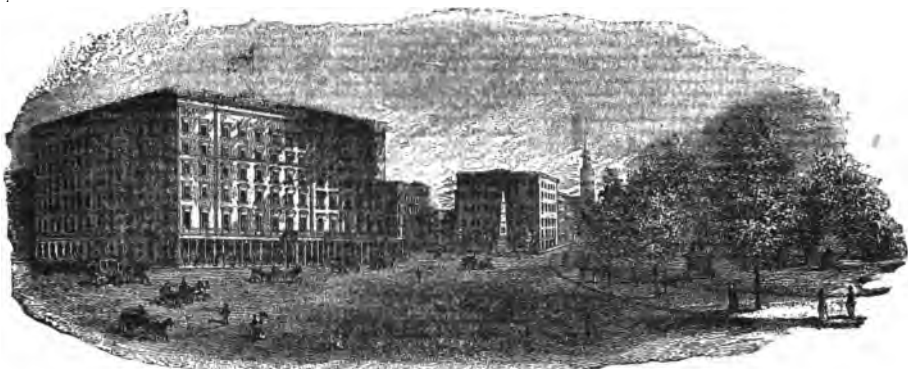
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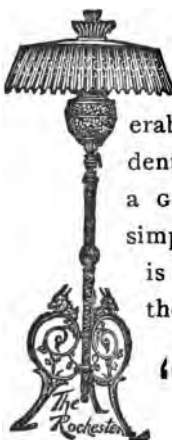
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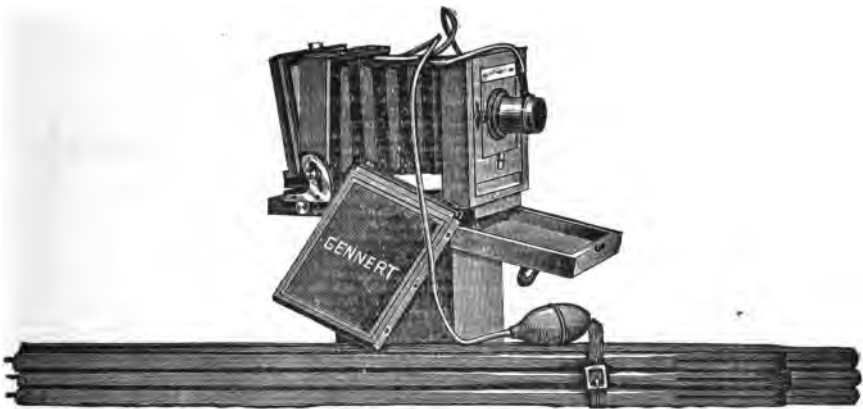
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